H. Roberts fecit

Castalio's Complaint

according to the Act of Parliam.

Not too fast

set to Musick by Mr. Boyce

Come all ye Youths whose hearts are bled, By cruel Beautys Pride; Bring each a

Garland on your head, Let none his Sorrows hide: But hand in hand a-round me

move Singing y sad-dest tales of Love, And see when your complaints ye

join, If all your wrongs, If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew;
Pity the pain of which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
Thats very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate, & shun her snares

FLUTE